

FORD TIMES

february 1951





Pacific Northwest—Two Views

THE PICTURE ABOVE, painted by Charles Harper, is an impression of the Oregon coastline. The one on the cover of this issue is a view of the Washington coastline by Rudolph Bundas. In general, the subject matter chosen by the two artists is the same—the Pacific Northwest seacoast. But the finished pictures are quite different. Why?

Individuals seldom react to the same experience in the same way. Travelers rarely see the same things in a single scene, much less interpret them in the same way. It is so with artists. Harper has reduced his coastline to simple terms. Impressed by the union of earth, air and water, he has blended these classic elements in monotonous.

Bundas, on the other hand, stresses in his cover painting the romanticism of the coast with its lonely pinnacles thrusting up from the sea. To heighten the effect he accents the staging with dramatic composition and fullness of color. Both interpretations remind the traveler of the immense variety of effect produced by the coast scenery of the Pacific Northwest. ■

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Contents

Sauk Centre, Minnesota	2
JAMES B. HENDRYX	
Exotic Fruits of the Stateside Tropics	12
STEVE TRUMBULL	
My Sap Runneth Over	17
FRANKLIN M. RECK	
Dealers in Illusion	20
HUGH PENTECOST	
Vermont's Weirdest Legend	27
WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON	
Elk on the Dole	30
CARL ARENTSON	
Wanted: Craftsmanship, j. g.	36
MARY RICHARDS	
Our New Ocean in Texas	43
WILL C. BROWN	
Custom Conversions	47
BURGESS H. SCOTT	
The Show Beyond the Windshield	51
VERNE O. WILLIAMS	
Fordomatic Has All Ten	54
Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns	57
Meet the Least Bittern	60

Americamera—10, 40; Cartoons—25, 42; One-Picture
Story—35; Games—62; Contributors—64.

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My Favorite Town—

Sauk Centre, Minnesota

by James B. Hendryx

paintings by Reinhold P. Marxhausen

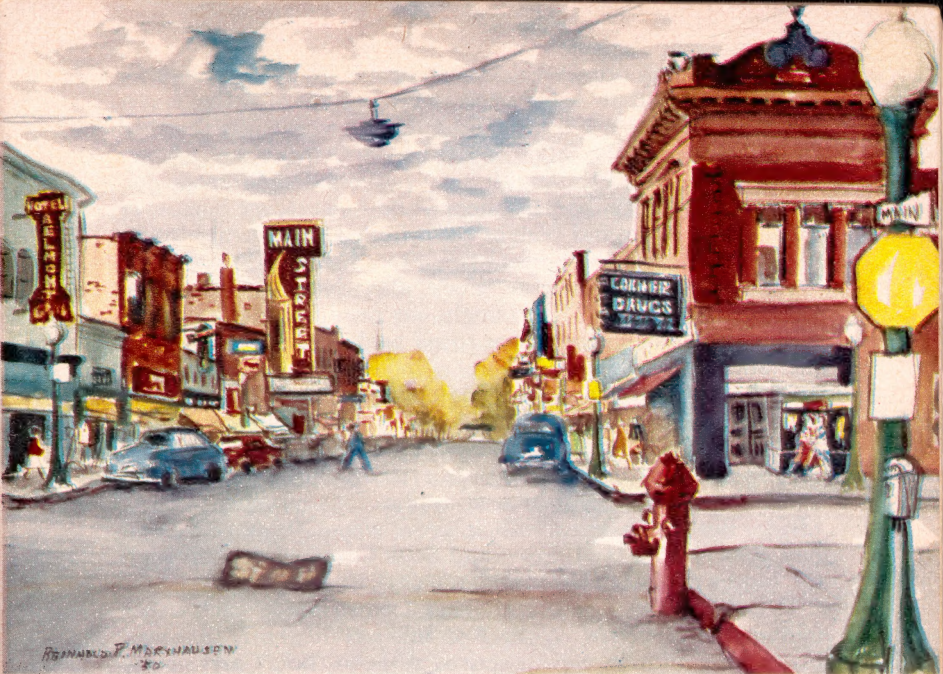
A merry perspective on the original Main Street town by an author who knew it when and loved it well. He played hooky for keeps and poker likewise, while Sinclair Lewis, who was to write *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*, suffered in the classroom. Since both authors have long since been listed in "Who's Who," no moral is intended.

THE TOWN that made Main Street famous started with Joe Capser's store, a stage station on the Abercrombie Trail, and a log fort and stockade. This was at the time of the last Indian raid in central Minnesota, when Alexander Moore killed his horse riding the hundred-and-fifty miles from St. Paul to warn the settlers.

Prior to Moore's ride there had been some "Injun talk," but no one took it seriously. So one day Dean Stabler hooked up his wagon and with his wife drove to Capser's store for supplies. At home the Stablers' teen-age daughter was in charge of the younger children. The kitchen door banged open, and Jennie Stabler and her small brothers and sisters saw an Indian painted red and yellow, his face and chest grotesquely smeared. They thought it was funny, and laughed.

The Indian came into the kitchen and picked up a loaf of bread. Jennie Stabler snatched it from his hand and ordered him out. The brave stepped toward Jennie, his tomahawk raised. But the weapon was seized from behind by another brave, who laughed uproariously. Other warriors joined in derision for the bread-stealing brave who had been defied by a slip of a girl. And presently the entire band rode away.

That day and night the warring Sioux burned, robbed and killed. Dean Stabler came home through the smoking ruins of his neighbors' homesteads dreading what he would find at his own. His children were alive and well. With painted faces, they



Sinclair Lewis did his early writing in the drug store at right.

were playing Indian, their lives saved by a Sioux' sense of humor. Is it any wonder that in my younger days I always regarded Mrs. Joe Simonton, *née* Jennie Stabler, and "Old Man" Moore—who had killed his horse on that ride from St. Paul—with a sense of worshipful awe?

These pioneer people, whom I knew as a boy, had actually lived through the terrors of Sioux on the warpath. But after that last raid the warriors came no more. Instead, the railroad came. Moore dammed the river and built a mill—and Sauk Centre was born. Seventeen years later, so was I.

Since the town was situated between virgin forest and vast prairie, it was inevitable that settlers should pour in on the heels of the vanishing red men. Those farmers broke the prairie sod, sowed wheat, and reaped the harvest—thirty and forty bushels to the acre of good hard wheat. They replowed and reharvested. They didn't farm the land. With no thought for the morrow, they *mined* it!

They used as little livestock as possible. Why raise hay for horses on land that would yield thirty bushels of dollar wheat per acre? They plowed the land after the wheat was threshed in fall, seeded it the following spring, and spent the summer watching it grow. In August they harvested their crop, collected their checks, banked them—and built larger houses, or moved into town and bought red-wheeled, rubber-tired buggies and fast-stepping horses.

Since they kept little livestock, they had no manure to fertilize their land. They bought no commercial fertilizer—didn't even plough the wheat straw back into the land. They just burned it.

This went on for approximately thirty seasons. Then a change came. The ravished land would no longer grow wheat. Today the sons and the grandsons of those early pioneers are raising dairy cattle on those same farms, bringing the land back in a measure with liberal applications of expensive fertilizer. But never again will it grow wheat. It is corn, and hay, and pasture land now—and Sauk Centre proclaims itself the butter capital of the world.

Red (Sinclair) Lewis and Sauk Centre made each other famous in *Main Street*. While Red suffered diligently in school his brother Claude, now a retired surgeon, Bob Carr, now a North Dakota rancher, and I played hooky, devoting this delectable borrowed time to collecting birds' eggs, hunting, and fishing. And such hunting and fishing!

Each lake and slough teemed with ducks. There were coveys of prairie chickens on every forty of wheat stubble. The woods were alive with grouse, rabbits and larger game. And the lakes yielded an abundance of fish.

In winter I trapped muskrat, mink, skunk, foxes, and an occasional wolf. The days are short in winter—and my trapline was long, and had to be run twice a week. Saturday was legitimate freedom, but my habit of ignoring school on Wednesday afternoons clashed with certain regulations regarding attendance, with the result that I was continuously being expelled by the superintendent. Being expelled necessitated my going personally to each member of the school board and meekly asking to be reinstated. These men were always willing to reinstate me—all but Mr. Woodbury.

I always made it a point to go to Mr. Woodbury last, so I could tell him that the other members of the board had said I could go back to school, thinking that this might soften his

heart and sway his decision. I remember the last time I went that weary round, with Mr. Woodbury at the terminus. "What you be'n up to now?" he demanded.

"I missed school yesterday afternoon," I told him.

"I be'n lookin' up your record," he growled. "Do you know how many times you've be'n expelled from school?"

I said, "No sir."

"Twenty-three times! Five times fer good! Why couldn't you git to school yesterday?"

"I was looking at my traps."

"If you was to miss a hull week of school an' ketch one muskrat you'd figger you was ahead?"

"Yes sir," I replied. And right then I got my twenty-fourth and final expulsion. It was perfectly all right. I'd learned about all I could hold, anyway.

But hunting, fishing, and trapping wasn't all the fun we had. There was Hallowe'en night when we roamed around axle-greasing pump handles and doorknobs, changing the wheels

One of the many dairy farms that dot the countryside



on all wagons and buggies we could find, and tipping over certain unobtrusive but functional buildings located inconspicuously at the back of the lot, and generally screened from view by a discreet hedge or disarming thicket of lilacs.

There were four physicans in the village in those early days—Dr. Lewis, Red's father; Dr. Dubois, an incorrigible practical joker; Old Doc Canfield; and Dr. McMasters, a frock-coated and pompous old gentleman whose undying disregard I incurred by an act of youthful exuberance.

One Saturday afternoon I strolled into Herman Donart's barber shop where a number of customers were awaiting their turn in the chair at the moment occupied by Dr. McMasters. I had found a stick of dynamite where some men had been blowing out stumps, and realizing that it might be put to good use, I substituted a section of broomstick for the mealy explosive within the oiled paper case. As I drew the object from my pocket, Donart paused in his work. "What's that?" he demanded sharply, as I stuffed it in the glowing stove.

"Dynamite," I replied. "They say it won't go off unless a cap's shoved into it. They say it burns like tar if you light it."

Almost instantly I was the sole occupant of the room. The good doctor, minus collar and coat, his face lathered and partly shaved, was half a block down the street with Donart, razor still in hand, close behind him—to the vast amusement of the Saturday afternoon influx of farmers.

I well remember old Squire Wilcox, the white bearded justice. It was in Squire Wilcox' court that Allen Vessy, the feed store proprietor, was drawn on a jury to try a civil suit brought by Andrew Smith, a private banker. The law was shown to be clearly on Smith's side, but when the jury retired, Vessy slumped into a chair and eyed the other jurymen. "You men can vote any way you want, but Banker Smith done me dirt, onct', an' I'll set right here till the worms carry me out the keyhole before I'll vote his way." The case was later tried by a jury of which Mr. Vessy was not a member.

Brother Hart, the Methodist minister who was built on the lines of a peg top—small head and large rotunda—was noted for his long extemporaneous prayers during the course of which he was wont to plead for the salvage of various erring citizens, not mentioning them by name, but describing their

The ice that cooled "phosphates" came from the old ice house→



characteristics in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to the identity of the sinner. He would also discuss local and even national issues with the Lord, asking a bit of advice here, giving it there.

One day on his way to the postoffice Brother Hart paused in the doorway of the blacksmith shop as Mr. Glay was shoeing an uncooperative horse. He listened in wide-eyed horror to the unbroken stream of profanity, both original and copy-righted, that poured from Mr. Glay's lips. Taking advantage of a pause in the flow of oratory, Brother Hart remonstrated, "Don't you know, Mr. Glay, that such frightful cursing and swearing will result in the utter damnation of your soul?"

Mr. Glay straightened up, a hot horseshoe grasped by the tongs in one hand, while a hairy forearm wiped the sweat from his brow. "Look here, Reverend," he said, "I don't figger it's any worse to swear fer a couple of minutes when you don't mean no harm than to pray fer a couple of hours when you don't mean no good."

There were no street lights in town in the good old days. Kerosene lamps illuminated houses, stores and saloons. The sidewalks were built of planks and flanked by hitchrails where, on Saturday afternoons, the farmers' teams were tied in solid rows for a block each on Main and Third Streets.

Nor were there any telephones. The good housewives called their bits of gossip and occasional scandal across back fences.

But gradually the village was growing up. In the nineties electricity replaced kerosene, and arc lights hung at the street corners. The telephone silenced the back fence gossip and took it indoors. Up to date plumbing did away with the time-honored pump and the little house behind the lilacs.

I left Sauk Centre back in 1901. When my wife and I returned to spend the summer of 1917 on Sauk Lake many further changes were painfully apparent. Cement had replaced the planks in the sidewalks, horses and hitchrails had disappeared, and garages had superseded the four livery stables.

Sauk Centre was no longer a village. It was a city, and *Who's Who in America* carried sketches of five Sauk Centreites—Dr. J. A. Dubois, an outstanding surgeon, Charles Johnson, a professor at Columbia University, Raymond Benner, a nationally known chemist, Red Lewis, and myself.

On the day my wife and I reached town Bob Carr also arrived from his Dakota ranch. I invited Bob to go with me to the lake and try out a small launch I had rented. We

started her up, but the steering gear had fouled and the craft crashed into a boathouse clear across the lagoon, knocking the boathouse door off its hinges. I gave the park tender a dollar to rehang the door, but evidently he neglected to do it, for I heard later that Mel Blied, an old time resident, accosted the park tender in front of the hotel and asked what had happened to his boathouse door, and that the man replied that Jim Hendryx and Bob Carr had knocked it off. Whereupon Mr. Blied threw up his hands in holy horror and cried, "My God, them boys ain't back in town, are they!"

So it is not hard to see why Red Lewis is Sauk Centre's favorite son. But when all is said and done, despite its telephones, its electric lights, its cement sidewalks, its garages, the fire engine that has long since replaced the old hand-drawn hosecart, and its modern inside plumbing, Sauk Centre was, is, and always will be my favorite town.

P. S. Now they tell me, God forbid, that they've paved Main and Third Streets! ■

Corn elevators and the depot in Sauk Centre



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☆ *Americamera* ☆
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The Ducks That Stay for Dinner

story by David Malcolmson

photographs by Charles Johnston

UP TO THE END of last November there were nearly 22,000 unambitious mallard ducks living on relief in the waters below Fort Peck Dam in northeastern Montana. If anybody can make them recover their self-respect and head south as they're supposed to, the government will be much obliged to hear about it. During the previous winter, the bill for grain to feed them came to \$3,000.

The Fish and Wildlife Service became reluctant host to the ducks a few years back when some southbound mallards discovered that the waters seeping from the toes of the earth-filled, somewhat porous dam maintained a steady 50 degrees above, the year round. To ducks caught in the murderous Montana winter, this seemed like a Turkish bath. The birds foraged in the stubble of nearby grain fields during November but when snow covered the earth they sat down on the water and the government had no course but to feed them.

The following year more ducks came, the word having got around. In November of 1949, 12,500 ducks settled down and 9,500 spent the whole winter. They ate thirty bushels of grain a day—a good wagonload—and could not be induced to hit the road. In November of 1950, the 22,000-odd arrived. How many stayed is not yet known.

It was first thought that hunters might accomplish what persuasion and starvation could not, but the army engineer in charge of the dam wasn't enthusiastic about it. The Fish and Wildlife people were hoping that a mild winter might induce the mallards to revert to their old travel habits, and that if this didn't work they might discharge aerial bombs to get the birds off the water and then herd them south by using airplanes.

On the opposite page, above, is a view of the ducks crowding the seepage stream. Below, a man is shoveling wheat. ■



Exotic Fruits of the Stateside Tropics

by Steve Trumbull

photographs by Paul Burress

IF YOU don't insist that they be served by dusky girls in flowered sarongs, you can now stuff yourself on the most luscious fruits of the tropical world without leaving U. S. pavements. Over a hundred tropical fruits have been firmly established on Florida soil through the patient, little-publicized efforts of our "Johnny Appleseeds"—amateur and professional plant experimenters.

Probably the most successful import is the avocado, introduced into Florida 117 years ago by Dr. Henry Perrine. He was the American consul in Yucatan when, in 1827, he received a letter from the Consular Service asking agents to gather promising seeds for introduction to the United States.

Perrine became so intrigued with this nonpaying sideline that he got himself land grants in Florida and went at it full time. He died in an Indian massacre in 1840, but the avocado survived. It has developed into a 60,000,000-pound-a-year business, some of it in Florida, most of it in California.

The mango, which tastes something like a blending of peach, pineapple and plum, is now also knocking on commercial doors. Various seedling varieties have been squirting juice into the eyes of Florida folk—who say the only safe place to eat a mango is in the bathtub—since 1889. It was not until 1911 that a Captain John Haden of Coconut Grove developed the strain which became Florida's first commercial mango, and the parent of most present varieties. It's still a luxury fruit, but plantings are increasing rapidly.

Upper picture at right: Top row—sapodilla, sapota, guava. Center row—rose apple, litchi, Surinam cherry. Bottom row—mangoes from India and the Philippines. Lower picture: soursop, papaya, avocado



Now bearing fruit, these papayas were 8-inch plants seven months ago→

What of the other tropical fruits, successfully grown in Florida, but never seen in northern markets? So far they're stymied by the same factors which delayed the avocado's debut a hundred years: First, many years of cross-breeding and grafting may be required before a fruit will adapt itself to a new soil and develop desirable characteristics. Second, most such fruits are poor shippers, in their original varieties. Third, an enormous advertising and promotional expenditure is required to launch any new food on the market.

It probably won't take another hundred years, however, for at least some of these delicacies to reach your neighborhood grocery, for the University of Miami has set up a full-scale project on packaging, pre-cooling, sharp freezing and pre-servicing. It works closely with the U. S. Plant Introduction Station at Chapman Field, and with the University of Florida's Sub-Tropical Experimental Station west of Homestead.

Some of the exotics being studied were originally brought to the nearby West Indies by Captain Bligh. This crusty old seadog, the central character of "Mutiny on the Bounty," was given the task of importing breadfruit as a cheap food for the slaves of the English colonists. In that attempt he picked up dozens of other fruit oddities. One of these, the akee, honors him in its scientific name of *blighia sapida*. More commonly known as "vegetable brain," it is served fried, and tastes like sweetbreads.

All strange fruit fans have their own favorites, but Florida experimenters are banking heaviest on three:

The *litchi*—long imported from China, in dried or preserved form. Now the fresh litchi, scarlet and pebbled, and with a crisp, grape-like jelly inside, is a gourmet's delight. There's a 200-acre grove near Bradenton, soon to be expanded to 1,000 acres. If that doesn't prove to be more litchi than there are litchi customers, there probably will be more groves, as initial profits have been excellent.

The *guava*—an old favorite in the jelly market. The fresh fruit of most seedling varieties has a highly disagreeable odor. Now, by hundreds of grafts and cross-breeds, Dr. George D. Ruehle and his associates, at the Sub-Tropical Station, have dimmed the odor almost to extinction. The flavor of the de-scented variety is said to rival that of strawberries.

This is not a grapefruit tree, but a Florida ponderosa lemon→



The *Barbados cherry*—an appetizing little fruit containing about a hundred times as much vitamin C as does the orange, in equal amounts. Milton Cobin, horticulturalist, is riding herd on it, and drug manufacturers and fresh fruit distributors are interested.

There are other Americanized tropical fruits which so far, at least, must be enjoyed in their adopted back yard—Florida. Tourists seldom see them, for most of them ripen in the late summer or early fall.

The soursop is an elongated, grapefruit-sized fruit with soft, curved spines on its thin skin. Some like it raw, melon-fashion; some like it stewed; some like it mixed into rum punch; and practically everybody likes it as an ice cream mix.

The white sapota looks like a green apple and grows on a big, ornamental tree. The ponderosa lemon, show-off of its kind, is one of Florida's favorite pie materials. The sapodilla is a Mexican plant whose milky sap is the chicle of the chewing gum trade. Its fruit looks like a russet apple, and tastes like boiled brown sugar. The papaya is a backyard and roadside-stand favorite. Good ones taste like super-cantaloupe; poor ones like sawdust.

Some of the tropical imports are at their best in jams, jellies, sherbets or wine. One of these is the seagrape. On the coast it is a woody bush, hung with huge, grape-like clusters of fruit. Cultivated, it grows to a thirty-foot tree. Another is the Surinam cherry. Youngsters eat its acid and highly aromatic pulp as is; adults prefer it processed. The rose apple is more ornamental than edible, unless you enjoy chewing up roses. The cashew is a botanical freak: its ultra-tasty nut, now distributed almost everywhere, grows outside the fruit (which is good for jelly) like a projecting boxing glove.

Northerners who are jealous of a land so rich in tropical sweets may be pacified when they learn of a certain other project of the Sub-Tropical Station. It concerns a short row of briar-bearing bushes, the parents of which came all the way from the Himalaya Mountains. They've been dosed with pollen flown in from similar briary bushes in North Carolina. It looks like success. If it is, Florida children will be able to taste, for the first time, red raspberries fresh from the bush.

Now, if the researchers could only develop an apple that would grow in Florida, or a nice big pear, or maybe a Concord grape . . . man, that would be something! ■



My Sap Runneth Over

by Franklin M. Reck

decorations by Karl Huebner

“**R**EPORTS from Vermontville indicate that the Michigan sap run this spring will be the heaviest in years . . .”

These words, coming by radio, were the spark that set off a fuse that exploded a weekend and tore up a mind.

I got up from the typewriter and walked out to the kitchen to listen. Claire paused in her dishwashing. On the window sill was a brace and bit, left there from some home carpentry job of the evening before.

I should have known better than to pick up that brace and bit. Scattered through the front yard and pasture were eight Michigan maples. I bored a hole in the nearest tree, and had my first look at a liquid that was so innocuous as to be mysterious. It seemed imperative to catch some of the stuff, and since we were a one-pail establishment it was necessary to unearth some number ten cans my wife had been saving in the basement. Various disasters followed fast, and followed faster.

The cans had no handles. I went to the chicken house, found a snarl of baling wire, broke it into proper lengths by flexing, went to the kitchen, got an icepick and pair of pliers, punched holes in the rims of four cans and the balls of two fingers and attached handles. I found a bamboo fish pole, cut it into short pieces with a hacksaw, and made spigots.

With four spigots in place on the two trees nearest the

house, I paused to listen to the song of the sap, playing its brass notes on the bottoms of the four cans. The song consisted of a series of minute clanks, as deliberate as footfalls in a mystery play.

Was this the way Vermont maple sugarers made their living—a drip at a time? It was clear that more drips were needed.

There were four more trees in the front yard and two in the pasture, all with large circumferences inviting holes.

Hours later, but the same day, the twentieth can was hung. Returning to the house for a mid-afternoon lunch, I walked past the first tree, hoping to find the bottom of the can now covered. Instead, it was two-thirds full, and each drip sent up a geyser that threatened to leap over the rim.

This called for the marshaling of storage tanks, the first of which was the family five-gallon canner, and the second the washboiler used for potato storage.

The rest of the day and night became a confusion involving a dinner party, tours of the trees, relocating non-producing holes, and withal, a sense of foreboding. Returning from the dinner party at midnight, we tramped through the frozen slush on our third sap collection, dumped it into the wash-boiler and went to bed.

The March Sunday dawned. A Sunday without funny papers, bathrobe lounging, or a second cup of coffee. In response to the inexorable demand of persistent sap plipping, Claire dug up in succession the baby's bathtub, the sauerkraut crock, a floor vase, and as a last resort grandfather's brass umbrella stand. While neighbors came over to ask if we were going to hold an auction, Claire pointed out that it was time to begin boiling down. We were out of containers.

Beating Sarah (aged five) and Linda (aged thirteen) away from the comic supplements, I herded them outside into the raw wind and led them on a tour of the hilly seven acres, making them drag to the house piles of prunings from sixty peach trees. To the gay sound of popping vertebrae, I managed to wrestle the ten-gallon boiler full of sap to the outdoor fireplace, with only a little help from Claire, who merely sprained her ankle stumbling over brush.

The boiler had high sides and a narrow bottom, the fuel was half green, the firebox was small. In one hour by the watch, steam appeared on the surface. An hour later the surface had lowered an inch. Meanwhile, another collection of

sap had overtaxed the containers and it was necessary to press the dishpan into service. By now it had become impossible for our household to wash dishes, have flowers, store umbrellas, wash the baby, or cook any but the simplest meals. Our household effects had become material for war. The enterprise had become a running fight—a battle of sap against sap and may the best sap win.

Sunday dinner could not be postponed beyond five-thirty. The soot-grimed family sat down silently, lips forming the unspoken question, "Oh, watchman, what of the night?"

The chain of circumstances continued to forge its relentless links. In the chill dark, after eight hours of continuous stoking, the liquid in the boiler was down to within a few inches of the bottom and beginning to look amber and sweetish. The steam smelled like candy. It was *true*, then!

Claire transferred the last two gallons to the dish pan and put it on the electric stove, while Sarah and I toured the trees, poured sap into containers, and dragged more firewood.

Hours later, Claire carefully strained the precious gold remnant into a quart jar. One lonesome, solitary, abject-looking quart jar! "Look," she said brightly, through fumes of sweet vapor that billowed through the kitchen, "Maple syrup! Our own!"

Twelve gallons of sap. One quart of syrup. Outside, into twenty cans, more sap tirelessly plinking away. A chest cold, sore back, seven calluses, little sleep, lost weekend, and children with red eyes and damp noses. I drew my hand away from the wall where I had been leaning, and brought part of the steam-loosened wallpaper with it. Looking about, I saw that the paper bulged in numerous places. At that moment the eleven o'clock news blared out.

"There will be a heavy freeze tonight, followed by a clear sky and thaw tomorrow—ideal conditions for the heaviest sap run Michigan has had for years."





47th Street near Fifth Avenue—New York's diamond center

Dealers in Illusion

by Hugh Pentecost

paintings by Dom Lupo

A FEW DOORS in from Fifth Avenue and just north of 42d Street a man—it may be today—stands trial in one of the strangest courts in America. It is a court controlled by no laws of State or Nation, yet it has a powerful influence over the business future of the defendant. There is no counsel either for the prosecution or for the defense. The accuser makes his charges, the accused puts up his own defense, and the three judges, in solemn consultation, reach a verdict which, should

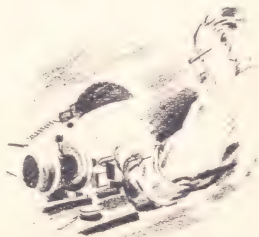
the offense be serious enough, could deprive a man of his business, with no chance of ever re-establishing himself in the same line. The defendant's crime can run from the deliberate attempt at a swindle down to the simple violation of business protocol, such as offering a man a drink *before* a deal is consummated instead of waiting until afterwards.

Over what business or profession does this court hold sway? In what million-dollar business will a breach of business ethics put a man out on the street with the door to his trade closed in his face? The answer is Diamonds!

Diamonds—the dream of every woman from shopgirl to princess, from secretary to Carol Channing. Diamonds, into which the ham actor—and the free lance of all professions—has put his savings because diamonds are always negotiable. They fluctuate in value, to be sure, but not so radically and unexpectedly as do the currencies of this hectic world. Diamonds—for centuries the symbol of wealth and caste. Diamonds—the token of enduring love, the bribe of age in its desperate urge to repossess glamour, the goal of princes and of thieves.

In a great city like New York you can scarcely walk five blocks without coming across a small jewelry store or a pawnshop with diamonds prominently exposed in the window, but it is not these small merchants or even the kings of the retail trade who are subject to the rulings of that court which sits in the famous Diamond Club. The men who work by this strangely protected code are the importers of the rough stones, and the brokers and dealers involved in marketing them. These men, connected with one of the most extraordinary organizations in the world, the London Diamond Syndicate, know the rules of the game and break them at their peril.

The Diamond Syndicate controls roughly ninety-five per cent of all the rough diamonds produced in the world. To be an importer you must be on the Syndicate list and abide by its unusual system of distribution. Periodically the importer is offered a shipment of goods. He knows how many carats and the type of stones involved, but he does not see the shipment in advance and he takes whatever comes, at a fixed price. When these stones are manufactured he





August Seitz, diamond setter, in his workshop

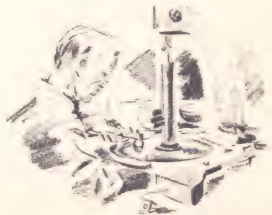
may find he has made a huge profit or taken a loss. He dare not pass up more than a certain number of consignments or he will be dropped from the Syndicate list and find himself out of business.

When he accepts a consignment, the importer may do a number of things with the small square box (fastened with the Customs House seals), that reaches him. You might think he would open it eagerly to see what he has. But he will not do that at once for a number of reasons. Once that box is opened and the goods are examined it is possible to make some sort of guess at the real value. Perhaps he can make only a small profit or may even take a small loss. But suppose he does not open the box—suppose he can sell the consignment “in the dark”? The phrase “in the dark” is common to the trade. It simply means to buy, sight unseen. Our importer may decide that rather than gamble on a big profit he would prefer to make a tidy ten percent on his investment. He will then offer his consignment without ever having broken the red seals, at a ten percent markup, and let someone else take the gamble. Someone who has “illusion.” For illusion is the

heart of the diamond business, its savour, its salt.

Somewhere, at this very moment, in a tiny unpretentious office off Fifth Avenue, a man sits at a table, a jeweler's loupe in his eye, staring at an object on a black baize pad that looks like a cloudy ice cube. That is a rough diamond. He takes a pair of tweezers in his hands and turns the cube over and over. He has illusion about it. It is grey and cracked, with black specks. It has a naat in it—a small hard knot. It will have to be cleaved. The saw blade may never get through or the stone may shatter on the girdler. It is fifty or sixty carats of imponderables. What to do with it? He may have shown it to experts who have done everything but crawl inside it. Their estimates vary from forty to two hundred dollars a carat. It may come out blue, blue as the sky and worth a small fortune—a treasure for a queen. Or the cutting may go wrong, the stone may crack or splinter, and all he'll have left is something small and white or yellow and worth only ten or twelve dollars a carat. And yet—the man has illusion, and he turns the dirty, cracked cube over and over and dreams of the blue, blue sky and the fortune that comes from a perfect stone—maybe once in a dozen lifetimes. If that illusion is strong enough the man will have the stone cut. If it isn't he may wait, taking the cube from his safe day after day to look at it and wonder again and assess the possibilities. Finally he may decide it isn't *worth* the chance—that it would be better to pass it on to a broker for sale, forfeit the one per cent he will have to pay the broker, and let someone else weigh the imponderables.

Or he may go to the Diamond Club with the idea of selling it himself. The Club—with its glassed-in reception desk where a clerk feeds an endless stream of names into a public-address system. The Club—where men hurry from the lunch counter to the scale room to have their parcels of goods weighed, and back to the baize tables and a hoped-for buyer. The Club—where men glare and kibitz and insult one another as they feverishly buy and sell crinkled stones, speculatives, shapes, frost-eds, blocks, cleavages, maccles, naats and flats, crystals from the Premier Mines, greyish borts from the Congo at a dollar a carat, yellow stones from the Sierra Leone that someone once *dreamed* would come out blue as the sky.



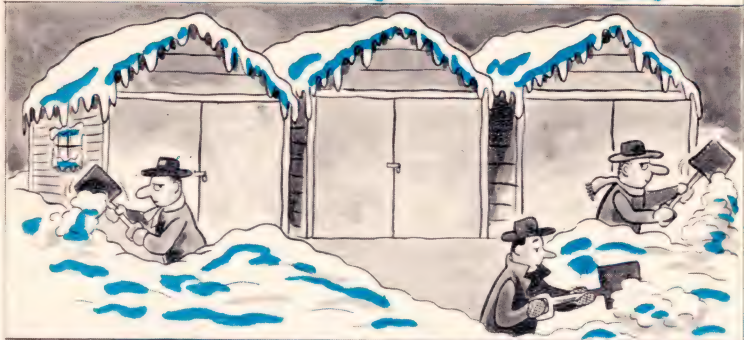
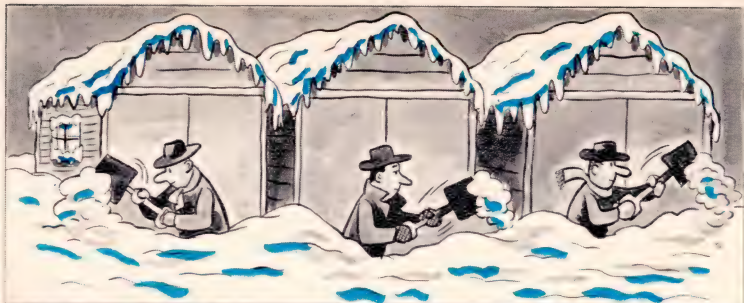


Brokers and dealers and importers, bent over their parcels of stones, with their steel tweezers, their quick, bird-like gestures, their loupes fastened close to the eye. The Club—where away from the clamor and shouting a man may be on trial for violation of the unwritten code.

Who are the men in the business and where will you find them? A few may be found in the kind of setting you'd expect—the richly furnished apartment on upper Fifth Avenue—with Vermeer, Picasso, Rembrandt and Chagall on the walls—with heavy Turkish rugs and old glass and satin-surfaced woods. But this is the exception. Have you ever imagined that the seedy-looking individual with the single room in a Times Square hotel may have a leather wallet inside his jacket, attached at one corner to a thin steel chain looped back around his waist, and that in that wallet might be half a million dollars' worth of diamonds? He doesn't look like it as he sprawls in a lobby chair, reading the comics and dribbling cigarette ashes on his vest. In the wallet may repose a greenish, irregular lump, large as the top joint of man's thumb, its surface clouded with a white blush like a fresh Malaga grape. A diamond. The man with the chain around his waist is a dealer and he cannot afford to have illusion about that greenish lump, but he hopes to find someone who will have. Of course—maybe some day when he has made his pile—maybe some day a piece of goods will come into his hands for which he suddenly has illusion. Then perhaps he will take the chance and it will come out blue—blue, and perfect as his dream.



And so within the framework of this strange business, men ply their trade by their own rules, observe their own protocol, dream their dreams, nourish their illusion. Diamonds—symbol of wealth and security, of position, of enduring love; object of greed, motive for murder. ■



On this page is a reprint from the Vermont ARGUS and PATRIOT, 1887. On the opposite page is a noted writer's recent genuine interview with an oldtime Vermonter on the same macabre subject. These articles set forth two points of view or states of mind regarding a creepy perennial from early Vermont folklore—a legend with just enough documentation to produce an authentic shiver.

A Strange Tale

BY A. M.

I am a old man now, and have seen some strange sights in the course of a roving life, but none so strange as one I found recorded in an old diary, kept by my Uncle William, that came into my possession at his decease. The events described took place in a mountain town some twenty miles from Montpelier, the Capital of Vermont. I have been to the place on the mountain, and seen the old log-house where the events I found recorded took place, and seen and talked with an old man who vouched for the truth of the story, and that his father was one of the parties operated on. The account runs in this wise:

"January 7.—I went on the mountain today, and witnessed what to me was a horrible sight. It seems that the dwellers there, who are unable, either from age or other reasons to contribute to the support of their families, are disposed of in the winter months in a manner that will shock the one who reads this, unless that person lives in that vicinity. I will describe what I saw. Six persons, four men and two women, one of the men a cripple about 30 years old, the other five past the age of usefulness, lay on the earthy floor of the cabin dragged into insensibility, while members of their families were gathered about them in apparent indifference. In a short time the bodies were inspected by several

old people, who said, 'They are ready.'

"It was night when the bodies were carried out, and the full moon shone on their upturned ghastly faces, and a horrible fascination kept me by the bodies as long as I could endure the severe cold. Soon the noses, ears and fingers began to turn white, then the limbs and face assumed a tallowy look. I could stand the cold no longer, and went inside, where I found the friends in cheerful conversation . . .

"January 8—Day came at length, but did not dissipate the terror that filled me. . . . After breakfast the men lighted their pipes, and some of them took a yoke of oxen and went off toward the forest, while others proceeded to nail together boards, making a box about ten feet long and half as high and wide. When this was completed they placed about two feet of straw in the bottom; then they laid three of the frozen bodies on the straw. Then the bodies were covered with a cloth, then more straw was put in the box, and the other three bodies placed on top and covered the same as the first ones. Boards were then firmly nailed on the top, to protect the bodies from being injured by carnivorous animals that make their home on these mountains.

"By this time the men who went off with the ox-team returned with a huge

load of spruce and hemlock boughs, which they unloaded at the foot of a steep ledge; came to the house and loaded the box containing the bodies on the sled, and drew it to the foot of the ledge, near the load of boughs. These were soon piled on and around the box, and it was left to be covered up with snow, which I was told would lay in drifts twenty feet deep over this rude tomb. 'We shall want our men to plant our corn next spring,' said a youngish looking woman, the wife of one of the frozen men, 'and if you want to see them resuscitated you come here about the 10th of next May.' . . ."

Turning the leaves of the old diary to the date of May 10, the following entry was found:

"May 10.—I arrived here at 10 A.M., after riding about four hours over muddy, unsettled roads . . . We repaired at once to the well remembered spot, at the ledge. The snow had melted from the top of the brush but still lay deep around the bottom of the pile. The men commenced work at

once, some shoveling away the snow, and others carrying away the brush. Soon the box was visible. The cover was taken off, the layers of straw removed, and the bodies, frozen and apparently lifeless, lifted out and laid on the snow. Large troughs made out of hemlock logs were placed near by, filled with tepid water, into which the bodies were separately placed, with the head slightly raised. Boiling water was then poured into the trough from kettles hung on poles near by . . . a slight twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs, followed by audible gasps, showed that life was not quenched, and that vitality was returning. Spirits were then given in small quantities, and allowed to trickle down their throats. Soon they could swallow, and more was given them, when their eyes opened, and they began to talk, and finally sat up. They were then taken out and assisted to the house, where after a hearty dinner they seemed as well as ever, and in nowise injured, but rather refreshed, by their long sleep."

Vermont's Weirdest Legend

by William Hazlett Upson

VERMONTERS are not as silent as some people think. When they feel like talking, they talk.

The other day I was in the general store in Salisbury, Vermont. An oldtime Vermonter, by the name of George H. Brush, came in. He said, "I see by the papers where they've dragged out that old story about freezing up the old folks for the winter. Apparently most people don't believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well, my grandmother told me all about it."

"Just who was your grandmother, and what did she tell you?"

"My grandmother was a very fine old lady. She was born

up in the mountains, at Pleasant Valley not far from Smugler's Notch and Mount Mansfield. She died in 1891, when I was eight. Before that she used to tell me stories about the early days in Vermont—about Ethan Allen, and Seth Warner, and wolves and bears, and panthers. One of the stories I remember best was about freezing up the old folks."

"Your grandmother didn't claim she had been frozen up herself, did she?"

"No. She was a young girl when that was going on."

"She used to help freeze up her own grandmother?"

"Apparently not. She lived in the valley. Her family had a pretty good farm. The freeze-up business was on the poor scrabbly farms way up in the mountains where even the most hard-working family couldn't raise enough food to keep alive through the long winters. Naturally, they had to do something."

"Naturally," I said.

"In those days there was no public relief, no handouts. People had to look out for themselves. Those farmers were poor, but they were smart. And they figured if bears and woodchucks could do it, people could do it."

"Do what?"

"Hibernate. Now, some people think that when a bear hibernates he just goes to sleep."

"Doesn't he?"

"It's more than that. He sort of half stops living. His heart almost stops beating. His body temperature goes way down—"

"But he doesn't really freeze up completely?"

"Bears don't. Woodchucks don't. But fish do. You can freeze up a fish solid in a block of ice, and when he thaws out he usually comes to life again."

"How about people?"

"All I know," said George, "is what my grandmother told me. She would pick out some family like the Spragues. She would tell how they lived in a little log cabin at Stony Lonesome, so far up the side of Mount Mansfield that winter would arrive before summer got really started. The snow would fall. The wind would howl. And the Spragues would have a family council."

"Why?"

"Mr. Sprague would say, 'I have to be on hand to fight off wild animals and make repairs in case the roof starts to blow off.' Mrs. Sprague would say, 'I have to cook, and the children

have to eat all winter to keep on growing.' Then Mr. Sprague would say, 'We'll need Aunt Mehetabel and Cousin Hezekiah to help with the chores.' And Mrs. Sprague would say, 'There won't be food enough for anybody else.' Then Mr. Sprague would announce, 'That means that Grandpa and Grandma will have to take a nap—also Uncle Elijah, and Uncle Matthew and Cousin Sarah and Cousin Hannah and Jabez Wiggins.' Jabez was the hired man, and with him they could save wages and keep."

"Then what?" I asked.

"Then Mr. Sprague and Mrs. Sprague would start working on Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Elijah and all the rest."

"Would they have any trouble catching them?"

"No. The first thing was to get them drunk on a sort of moonshine mixed with Indian herbs. There was no trouble about that."

"The freezing wasn't painful?"

"Of course not. When they passed out, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague would drag them out into the bitter cold and give them a quick freeze."

"The way they freeze meat in a freeze locker?"

"That's right. A slow freeze is always bad. But if you freeze a man quick enough he hardly notices it. In the case of the Sprague family, as soon as they were all good and stiff, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague would pack them in straw and cover them with boards so the wild animals couldn't get at them. In the spring they would dig them up and thaw them out. And they would be all ready to help with the spring planting. It was a wonderful system—cheap, practical, and sensible."

"If it was so sensible," I said, "why did the custom go out?"

"Styles change. Today there's enough food. If we want the old folks around we keep them. If we want to get rid of them we send them to Florida."

"You actually believe this freeze-up story?" I asked.

"Certainly," said George. "My grandmother told me all this. And the early settlers told her. And she was a truthful woman. If she says they told her something, you can be sure they did."

"Maybe," I said, "some of those early settlers were pretty big liars. What do you think?"

"Who am I," said George, "to accuse anybody of being a liar? I always believe everything that anybody tells me—especially if it doesn't cost me any money."



The Greys River feeding ground and corral

Elk on the Dole

story and photographs by Carl Arentson

NORTH of the town of Afton, in western Wyoming, a stout chain-link steel fence stretches along the east side of U. S. Highway 89, near the boundary of the Bridger National Forest. It is eight feet high, topped with barbed wire, and about ten miles long. If you were to remark casually that probably even an elk couldn't jump it, you would be absolutely right. And if you were to drive

along U. S. 89, near dusk or just at daybreak in winter, you might be lucky enough to see, behind that fence, an elk or two from the Greys River herd.

The fence is testimony to an old truism, that when man disarranges nature's balance, he must provide some compensation if he wants to enjoy the benefits of the natural setup. It marks the lower limit of the Greys River

feeding area, one of several spots in Wyoming where the state gives the elk concentrated winter rations to replace the range which civilization has taken from them. The fence runs between two natural barriers: mountains on the south, and the Snake River on the north. Though elk are excellent swimmers, they will not willingly enter a stream in which ice is floating.

Shy creatures that they are, elk spend most of the year at altitudes of 9,000 to 10,000 feet or even higher, where not every hunter—and practically no tourists—can get a glimpse of them. But as winter progresses and the forage up top gets scarcer, they move downward in search of food.

Most of the valleys that were once their winter range have been taken up by cattle ranchers. It therefore devolves upon the state to provide substitute feed if elk herds are to be maintained in sufficient numbers to satisfy Wyoming's thousands of resident and out-of-state hunters, and if ranchers are to be spared the exasperation of having their haystacks raided by elk. The raiders destroy more hay than they eat, in their search for the choicest morsels, and commit further outrage by breaking down stock fences, thus letting in domestic cattle to share the spoils.

The largest of Wyoming's elk feeding stations is in Jackson Hole,

where the herd numbers about 17,000. But those of this herd that come in to be fed are actually semidomesticated, and can be seen at almost any time during the winter. The Greys River herd, totaling about 2000, is Wyoming's largest group of elk that are strictly wild. It is served by two feeding stations, one where the Greys River joins the Snake and the other higher on the Greys.

Between the two is a small, privately-owned ranch. Although there is a passageway half a mile wide between the ranch and the river, it took the state eight years to persuade the elk to pass by this ranch to the lower feeding grounds.

The operation of these stations is typical of those elsewhere.

Beginning about mid-December, employees of the Game and Fish Commission spread alfalfa hay and concentrates, such as cottonseed cake, on the snow, by team and sled. This is done during the day, but the elk usually do not come for their handout until after dark, and they leave before sunrise. Even when a large number are feeding, in unusually severe winters, the grounds are deserted during the day.

For the sake of economy, the feed is spread on fresh snow each day, in a narrow row parallel to the feed-row of the day before, to try to get the elk to eat it before

(continued on page 34)

On the next two pages: Elk leaving the Greys River feeding ground→





they trample it. By the end of the winter an area about 200 by 300 feet has been tramped down into a firm pavement of snow and discarded hay, as is evident in the picture on page 30. Several times during the winter cows and calves are enticed into corrals (shown at the back of the picture) by a trail of choice food. Then the cows are separated from the calves, and each calf is marked with a metal ear tag. Hunters who find such tags on mature elk they shoot are encouraged to send them to the Commission, as a means of establishing the pattern of elk migrations within the state, just as bird migrations are determined by banding.

On the more isolated feeding grounds the elk are not quite so timid, and they sometimes come in before dark, and remain until after daybreak. The photograph on pages 32 and 33 was taken from horseback (because elk will not let a person on foot come close enough) about nine o'clock in the morning just as the herd at the upper Greys River feeding grounds was starting to move back up into the mountains for the day.

One might expect the elk to come stampeding into the feed lots once they discover the feast awaiting them. But they are apparently no more anxious to go on the dole than the most independent-minded human beings, and when they do so it is, literally, strictly from hunger.

First to come are a few of the

older cows and their calves which were born the preceding May. Contrary to popular notion, an elk herd is not lead by a magnificent, broad-antlered bull, but by a rather elderly cow. As winter progresses and snow covers the browse in the high altitudes, more and more animals come down for the state's free lunch.

Wyoming has at least 35,000 elk—more than any other state—but fortunately for the Commission's budget not more than a third of the animals in any herd ever visits the feeding grounds, and even the regular boarders do not come to the table every night. The others in the herd, especially the strong young bulls, prefer to rough it on the high, wind-swept ridges, or at altitudes just slightly lower than their lofty summer range, surviving on browse and grass pawed free from snow.

There's little danger that the dole will become habit-forming. As soon as the March sun begins to melt the snow on the hillsides, fewer and fewer animals visit the feeding grounds. At last there comes a morning when the alfalfa and cottonseed cake are found undisturbed. Winter is over, and the elk have reasserted their independence—but that very independence is often their undoing. For in their haste to get away from civilization they concentrate too heavily on the accessible range, and inevitably some die of starvation and exposure to spring storms.



painting by Beatin Yazz

Bison at Bay – a one-picture story

THE PAINTING reproduced on this page is the work of a young member of the Navajo tribe. He doesn't know his exact age but believes he is around 23. Beatin Yazz, which means Little No Shirt, has been recording his impressions of Indian life, both present day and historical, since he was a little boy.

In subject matter and style of painting, this particular work is typical of Yazz. The bison is making his last stand in a driving blizzard while the Indian on foot is about to spear him and the one on horseback is drawing an arrow from his quiver to shoot him at close range. The artist achieves his effect through the use of line, the color being only incidental.

Beatin Yazz is a veteran of the Marine Corps signal service. When he returned from duty in China he went back to his home on the reservation in northeastern Arizona and has been painting ever since. His pictures are prized by a number of collectors.

Last summer Little No Shirt married a beautiful Navajo girl named Elizabeth Roanhorse. ■

Wanted: Craftsmanship, j.g.

by Mary Richards

photographs by Pat Powers

MANY years ago the editors of the *Scholastic* magazines cast an appraising eye at the glamour that sticks to the fingers of high school athletes—in their home towns, at least—even more tenaciously than the mud of the three-yard line. They decided that high school students' accomplishments in the fine arts should be at least as worthy of recognition as yardages gained and touchdowns won, and so they established the Scholastic Awards—cash prizes and national recognition for outstanding student work in art and writing. Many a now-famous writer and artist was first “found” by a Scholastic Award.

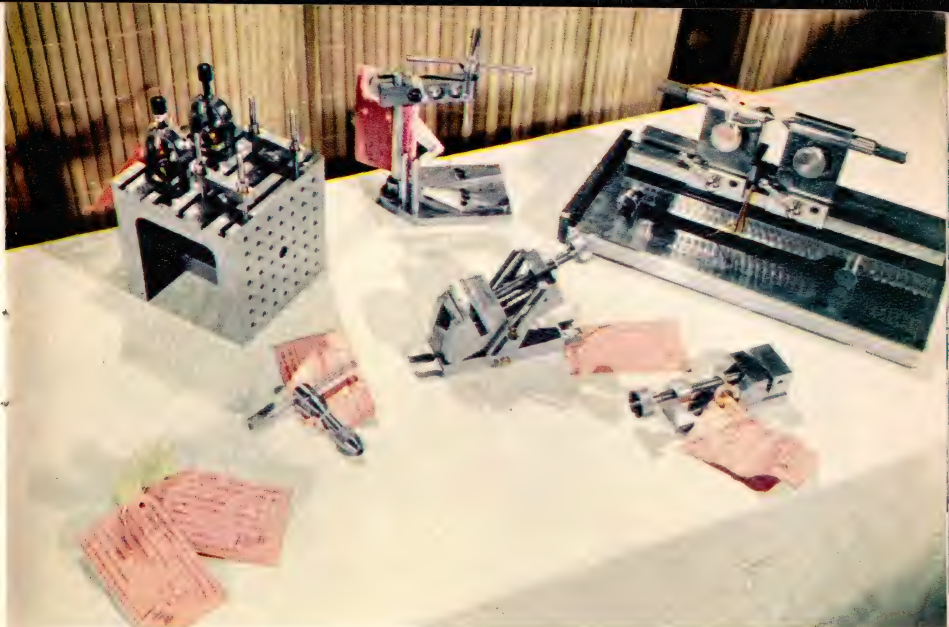
Five years ago the editors cast the same appraising eye at the industrial arts classes which have become increasingly important in high school curricula. They reasoned that boys and girls who do exceptional work in mechanical drawing, shop, and printing were also deserving of recognition. So they established the National Industrial Arts Awards program,

offering cash prizes for outstanding projects completed by junior and senior high school students in their regular classes, and staging a national Industrial Arts Awards Fair to display the prize-winning exhibits.

The contest became so popular that it quickly outgrew the magazine's facilities for expansion, and the editors looked around for an industrial sponsor. Last year the Ford Motor Company gladly assumed exclusive sponsorship.

The response to the program in the company's first year of participation was gratifying. Nearly 2400 students sent projects—twice as many as had competed in any previous year. Lamps, small furniture, drawings, castings, and hundreds of mechanical and electrical devices piled up at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, where the annual Industrial Arts Awards Fair is held. They came from thirty-nine states, Hawaii, and Washington, D. C. Cash awards varying from \$10 to \$100, and totaling \$13,000, were

*Above, right: Some of last year's prize-winning Machine Shop entries.
Below: Judging a lamp which earned an Outstanding Achievement award.*



A few of the electrical entries in the 1950 Industrial Arts Awards Fair→
awarded to 467 boys and girls.

Last month the company announced plans for an even greater Industrial Arts Awards program for 1951. This year preliminary judging will be done at three regional fairs, in Philadelphia, Kansas City and Los Angeles. This will enable many more students to win cash prizes, most contestants will not have to ship their precious entries so far, and the already-fine workmanship of entries in the national contest will be even further upgraded. Winning entries at the regional fairs will be entered automatically at the national fair.

Awards at both regional and national fairs will be made in nine divisions: wrought metal, patternmaking and molding, machine shop, wood, plastics, electrical, printing, mechanical drawing and architectural drawing. A special "Open" division will be included in the regional contests for entries not classifiable in the nine other divisions. Each division is subdivided into grade-level classifications, so that students will compete only with others of approximately their own age and experience. Judges will be three- to five-man teams of leading educators and industrialists.

In the national contest, the first

prize for each grade-level classification in each of the nine divisions is \$100; second prize, \$75, third prize, \$50; and there will be four Honorable Mention awards of \$25 each. In addition, an Outstanding Achievement award will be made to the student in each division who, in the opinion of the judges, has made the greatest accomplishment, considering his degree of experience and the difficulty of the project attempted.

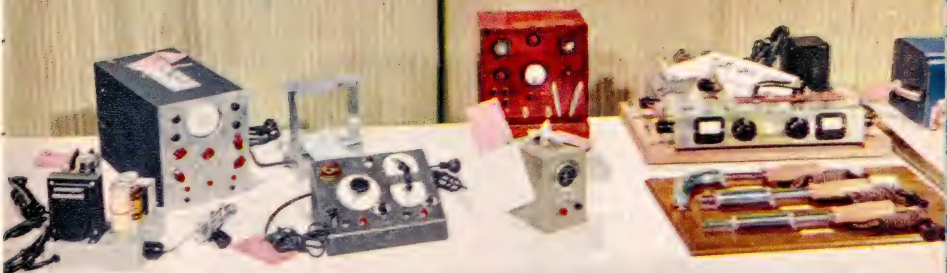
This special award consists of an all-expense trip, for the student and his instructor, to Dearborn and Detroit, for three days of sight-seeing, entertainment and observation of the industrial arts at work, in the Ford engineering laboratories.

The Ford Motor Company looks upon these awards as much more than an opportunity for several hundred boys and girls to earn cash awards, certificates of merit, and perhaps a trip to Detroit. It seeks to encourage in young people that rare and wonderful habit of craftsmanship, and the skillful use of hand tools. As Henry Ford II, president of the company, sums it up, "We believe that students who acquire skill in, and appreciation for, the industrial arts will be better industrial citizens when they finish their schooling." ■

For further information about the 1951 awards, please write to: Industrial Arts Awards, Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

A wood pattern for a bevel gear casting was rated "Outstanding"→

ELECTRICAL DIVISION



Through Guatemala in Second Gear

story and photographs by Robert and Laura Schnabel

It's just as well that the automobile trip to Guatemala keeps you in second gear part of the time. There are sights to be seen that will bring you to a standstill often enough anyway—golden Spanish cities lying in valleys, volcanoes that cut great wedges from the Latin sky, and a native attitude toward color in dress that is pagan in its lack of inhibition.

On the opposite page are two examples of what may be seen in Guatemala by the traveler who takes the good, bad and indifferent roads that lead to Central America. One shows Lake Atitlan from the road above Solola, with one of the three immense volcanoes that command the region. The other shows the famous church at Chichicastenango. On Thursdays and Sundays, Indian men conduct eerie rites on the church steps, swinging incense burners and chanting in the Chiche language. There is an air of weird antiquity in it.

The roads from the U. S. border to Mexico City are excellent but south of the capital they grow progressively rougher and narrower. At the coastal towns of Arriaga and Tonalá the road expires altogether and the car must be portaged 150 miles by rail to the banana city of Tapachula. The rail trip is almost always an adventure. One sits in the car on the freight train. The trip is scheduled for nine hours but may take three days, because the locomotive is almost certain to break down or fall off the tracks.

At the end of the line you get on a good road to the Guatemala frontier and then thread through miles of banana and coffee *fincas* and along cool streams in a tropical forest. Then the second gear stretch begins—ruts and rocks and hair-raising precipices all the way to the capital.

The beauty of Guatemala is overwhelming. It more than compensates for the roads, and one may return to his home prepared to tell his friends about the pretty mouthful of syllables, Chichicastenango, and maybe play a tune on a marimba bought cheaply in some market place. ■





"Oh, I just remembered—Daddy was to pick me up after the party, Mrs. Porter—you'll have to drive me clear back to Stinky's house!"



Not an optical illusion—boats at Grandpappy's Point

Our New Ocean in Texas

by Will C. Brown

paintings by Barney Delabano

DOWN on the Texas-Oklahoma border, where market-bound longhorn herds on the Chisholm Trail used to ford the tricky Red River, a sprawling new lake is making recreation history. Though it is not even officially included in our colony of 174 national parks, monuments and recreational areas, being under the jurisdiction of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, Lake Texoma is topping them all in attendance. First it edged past such an old favorite as Yellowstone, then outdistanced the Great Smokies and finally zoomed past popular Hoover Dam-Lake Mead with a margin of several hundred thousand visitors.

In 1949, for the second straight year, attendance records credited Texoma (named for the two states) with more than two million officially-counted visitors. Even at the beginning, when three-mile-long Denison Dam was completed in 1944, the lake showed surprising "box office."

But nobody, not even the Army Engineers who built the project, expected it to turn into a sort of fishing-boating Times Square. Southwesterners, though, are a tribe who go fishing at the drop of a ten-gallon hat. And it turns out that they take to outboards and cruisers with the same instinctive yen to ride something as they used to exhibit with spirited 'horseflesh.

Now they are fishing and putt-putting all over the place. But there is a lot of Texoma—1,200 miles of shoreline, 312 square miles of water. So the outdoorsman, who traditionally likes a lot of distance between himself and the next fellow, has found no traffic jams, even with the count of lake road traffic averaging more than 1,000 automobiles a day.

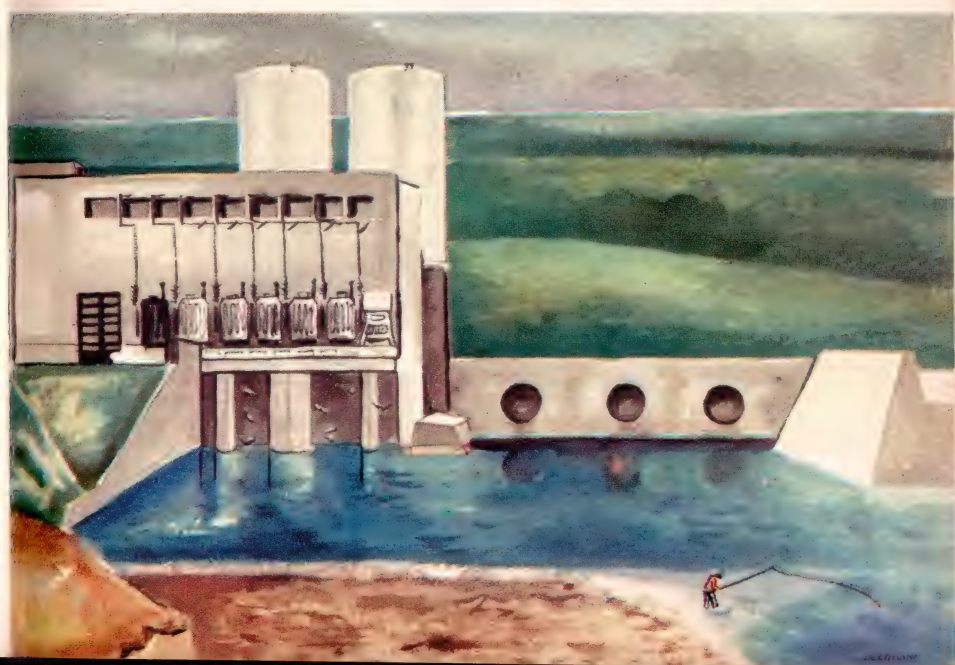
The lake began spreading out after Army Engineers completed the three-mile-long, \$54,000,000 Denison Dam in 1944. Little by little the backed-up Red River inundated the coves, canyons and lowlands for forty miles. Prairieland natives came to look and unfailingly they made the same awed exclamation: "Gosh! I never saw so much water in my life!" One blinking cowboy was heard to comment, "Good God! We got a *ocean!*"

Our National Park Service, operational guardians of all types of American scenic attractions, ranging from Grand Canyon to the Lincoln Memorial, was counting 1,347,204 visitors at Lake Mead, behind Hoover (Boulder) Dam, in the 1946-47 "travel year." In the NPS, that's the twelve months from October 1 to September 30.

At the same time, Lincoln Memorial, under NPS supervision and always doing a steady business in Washington, D. C., attracted 1,325,770. Blue Ridge Parkway had an official count of 1,314,353. And that was the year when Lake Texoma began to cause grizzled veterans of the park service to scratch their heads in surprise. By the end of the 1948 travel year Texoma, or at least some portion of its meandering course, had been seen by 2,397,508. That was a good half million ahead of second-place Mead.

And although the NPS turned jurisdictional control back

Now there are bass below Denison Dam→



to the Army in mid-1949, the nine months' count to last July 1 stood at 1,980,786 and it was foregone that traffic along the once-lonesome Red would zoom past the two-million mark and lead all parks again for the second straight year.

"It wouldn't surprise me," said James Lloyd, who directed most of the recreational developments during several years when NPS administered Texoma by arrangement with the Army engineers, "to see this lake eventually draw three million visitors a year."

It's the fishing, first, that does it. Also, a body of water "as big as an ocean" is still a novelty to behold in a region not accustomed to seeing much water, especially not white-capped waves on the prairies and rolling hills. Black bass, white (sand) bass, crappie and sometimes 75-pound catfish are being reeled in by the skilled and unskilled. And 172,816 busy casting arms in an off-month like December represent a lot of fishermen splashing a lot of water with gaily-colored plugs and bucktails.

One spring day, when a newspaper-promoted Fish Derby brought out regiments of big, little, male and female fishermen along the Oklahoma arm of the lake, Oklahoma highway patrolmen estimated lake-road traffic in that one area at 30,000 cars and 120,000 people.

Boating, too, ranks high in popularity. More than 3,000 craft, from rowboats to trim cruisers, are registered. One sportsman shipped his 50-foot cruiser in from Lake Michigan. The 73-foot *Pirate*, formerly owned by an internationally-known millionaire and strictly a sea-going craft, was imported for official use by the lake patrol. Later it was sold to a concessionaire and is now in service as a commercial cruise boat.

Storm warnings now fly, when wind is forecast, in the nearby cities of Sherman and Denison on U. S. Highway 75. Concessions range up to \$100,000 investments—offering cabins, utilities, covered boat docks and moorings, marine repairs and supplies, fueling service, rental boats, restaurants, picnic grounds. Not all the rough edges are yet smoothed out to make a perfect resort, but the consensus seems to be that even with its unpolished state and growing pains here is the niftiest outdoor fun the Southwest has seen since the buffalo herds. And the Texas cowboy, who came home from the war and found his old cattle range an ocean—he's hung up his spurs now, works on a backlash instead of a lariat and rides a buckin' aquaplane.

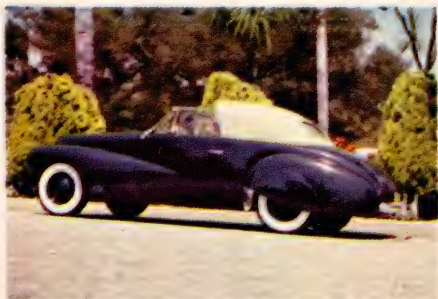


CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

ABOVE is one of the smoothest custom jobs to hit the desk in many a month. It's the work of Tom Story, body shop foreman for Francis & Hopkins Motors, Lincoln-Mercury dealers, of Portland, Oregon. Story spent a year's spare time in building this 2080-pound beauty, has already sold it, and is now at work on a four-passenger job.

Wheelbase is 97 inches with a tread of 54 inches. The frame is built of 10-gauge chrome-moly channel steel to which body units are welded. The engine is a Ford 60 hp V-8 which, with twin carburetors, "Offy" heads, and full race cam,



puts out 113 hp with a compression ratio of 10.5 to 1. The highest point of the body stands 46 inches from the street, the lowest, five inches. Hood, cowl, and doors were made from stock steel.

The car is built so low that the driveshaft tunnel serves as an armrest for both driver and passenger. A handle has been built into the cowl and dash for the passenger to hold onto when the car hits its top speed of 105 mph. At this rate the little "60" is turning up 6500 rpm. In tests the engine has reached 7400 rpm. Although the car is light, it has taken a right-angle street corner at 57 mph without a great deal of skidding. Upholstery is dark yellow trimmed in white.

The lower picture on page 47 is of an unusual car built by

Peter Stengel of Hollywood. Stengel calls it a "carrosserie," French for custom-built car, and believes it is the finest of the type ever made in this country. It is built on a 1941 Ford chassis and is powered by a bored and stroked Eddie Meyer 1946 Ford engine.

The car pictured on this page resulted when its

maker, Ted Maedel, Toledo, Ohio, set out to make a blend of Lincoln Continental and Ford from a wrecked 1940 Ford convertible. Its engine is stock but with extra speed provided by a Columbia rear end. He restyled the body from bumper to bumper, finishing it with a horizon gold metallic lacquer.

Using only hand tools and an electric welder, Ray K. Perry, farmer of Aurora, Nebraska, built the scale model 1950 Ford convertible shown upper right, next page, for his two-year-old son. The little car is pedal-operated with independent springing front and rear and, says Perry, "takes the bumps as smoothly as our '49 Ford."

The body was formed from 26-gauge sheet metal and painted



Miami cream. Bumpers were made by splitting and hammering out gas pipe. The only things Perry didn't make were the wheels and the 10 x 2.75 pneumatic tires.

Arnold O. Young, captain of the Springfield Center, New York, Volunteer Fire Department, sends in the picture, lower right, of the 1938 Ford station wagon which the department has converted into an emergency fire wagon. No structural changes were made in converting it for firefighting.

Through donations of money and work the department equipped the station wagon with a "Handy Billy" Gorman-Rupp portable pump of 250 gallons per minute capacity. The gasoline engine powering the pump receives its fuel from a branch off the wagon's main fuel line.

The wagon's 250-watt flood light turns in a 360-degree circle and elevates to 160 degrees, receiving its current through a 100-foot light cord that can be plugged into nearby outlets. Outlets on the wagon can also be used for making coffee in action, a job handled regularly by the department's Ladies Auxiliary.

The little wagon has pumped water 800 feet on a 16-degree incline in quantity sufficient for two 1½-inch lines, or it can maintain 80 pounds of pressure on one 2½-inch line.

Any rural fire department interested may obtain complete information as to cost and type of equipment by writing to Captain Young at the Springfield Center Volunteer Fire Department. ■





The Show Beyond the Windshield

story and photographs by Verne O. Williams

BEFORE LONG the consolidated baby sitters of America will probably record a vote of protest against their greatest competitor, the "ozoner," or modern drive-in theatre.

Hundreds of these open-air movies now have playgrounds featuring merry-go-rounds, swings, play slides, miniature trains, and pony rides. Most will even warm baby's bottle. Some send congratulation cards to parents of new-born babes. "Be your own baby-sitter at a drive-in," is the slogan.

And there's more. A chain of drive-in theatres in New Jersey will take in the family wash at the ticket offices, put it through a Laundromat, and return it damp or dry as you leave. Others offer swimming pools, dance floors, shuffle board, car-washing and golf ranges.

The current luxury for the automobile movie-goer is a complete reversal of the early days when patrons had to withstand mosquitoes, the blare of distant loud-speakers, the worst in film-fare, car-to-car popcorn vendors, and defeat if it rained. Now there are individual speakers for each car, curved screens that shed rain, and jeep-mounted DDT insect-sprayers.

The attitude of drive-in operators toward their customers is also improved. Managers began discouraging petting parties and went all-out for sound family patronage. Ads pointed out that the worker or housewife needn't fuss over appearance before coming to the show. And, just as the new operators figured, these wage-earners brought along the old folks who hadn't been to a movie in years. The change-over brought phenomenal success. *Boxoffice*, a movie industry journal, estimates that there will be 2,000 ozoners at this year's beginning. Since the average drive-in has a capacity of 500 cars, the country's ozoners would be able to park 1,000,000 autos at one time.

All this mobilized movie-going had its origin in Camden, New Jersey, in 1933, when Richard M. Hollingshead sat down

*Above left: Drive-ins do much to make the family movie party.
Below left: Busy ushers change flats and replace dead batteries.*



← *There's a variety of entertainment besides the movie itself.*

one day and analyzed what people were most willing to spend their money on. It came out: food, clothing, autos and movies. He combined the last two and opened the world's first drive-in theatre.

The initial problem was placing the parked autos so that everyone could see the screen. Hollingshead solved it with an ingenious patent ramp system, so graded that when a car drives up it the resulting tilt gives the passengers, front and rear, an unimpeded line of sight to the screen.

The in-car speaker, introduced in 1941, is the most important single improvement in customer comfort. Patrons enjoy the ease with which they can lift their speakers from a post and hang them on a window. But a few carry their enjoyment to the point of driving off without unhooking the speaker. A new development may lick this problem simultaneously with that of heating patron's cars in cold weather. All that goes into the car window is the end of a flexible tube. Both the movie sound and hot air can be funneled through the tube from a speaker-heater unit on the service post.

The biggest bugaboo bothering drive-in operators is still rainy weather. It's more psychological than real. Projection on the new curved screens and sound are seldom affected. Ushers wipe off windshields. But if it showers in the patron's neighborhood before the show, the odds are he isn't coming.

To lure customers at all costs some ozoners go to extremes. They may have dancing before the first show and a high-wire act during the intermission. You can win turkeys, car polish, orange juice, and other door prizes. One Friday the 13th, the Wometco chain's "Boulevard Drive-in" at Miami, Florida, gave free admission to every car with a license number ending in 13.

You might suppose from all this that an ozoner manager has unusual problems. He does—from the cars with stuck horns, flat tires, or dead batteries, to the moth worms eating up the drive-in's shrubbery. Said one harassed operator:

"It's like running a combination of a day nursery, a traveling carnival, and a two-acre movie house . . . but in the morning the birds pick up the peanuts and sugared popcorn residue. You don't get that, even in Carnegie Hall."

And the customers are crowding in. ■

← *This drive-in's playground department features pony rides.*

Fordomatic Has All Ten

DAILY hundreds of new owners of the 1951 Ford are finding out that the four and one-half years of research and engineering that went into the Fordomatic drive have given it advantages that no other single automatic transmission has. Even though operation of the Fordomatic is a radical departure from conventional driving, owners are making the change to one-foot motoring with little or no effort.

Following are 10 features, all necessary for smooth performance, that are possessed by Fordomatic alone out of the six automatic transmissions currently on the market.

1. Fordomatic has a combination of torque converter and automatic transmission to provide a wide range of power transmission. A cushion of oil is the only connection between engine and wheels. No bigger engine is needed because Fordomatic has been designed to work equally well on the present 100 hp V-8 or the 95 hp Six.

2. There is an automatic intermediate gear plus torque converter for smooth, rapid starting and acceleration without excessive engine speeds.

3. The rear axle ratio is numerically low—the engine turns just slightly more than 3.31 times for each turn of the rear wheels. This assures economy, quietness, and long life.

4. The engine can be effectively used for braking (with selector in "Lo" position) through intermediate gear above 30 mph, and through low gear below 30 mph.

5. The torque converter is always available for instant acceleration in every speed range.

6. By depressing the accelerator all the way down, the driver can instantly return to inter-



mediate gear for fast hill climbing or acceleration ability.

7. The selector positions are placed in a new safety sequence to eliminate the necessity of passing through forward speed positions when shifting to reverse.

8. Fordomatic has a simple three-element torque converter for high efficiency without unnecessarily complicated construction.

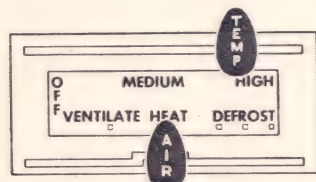
9. The torque converter (or fluid coupling) is air cooled to continue its simplicity. It has no complicated heat exchanger or water lines.

10. A great degree of reliability is gained by hydraulic-mechanical operation and control rather than vacuum or electrical connections.

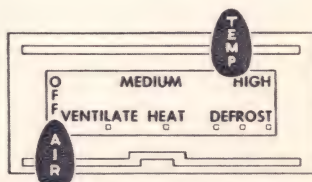
Year-Round Feature

Ford Magic Air is a year-round weather system, rather than a "heater" in the old sense of the word. For, aside from ample heat in the lowest temperatures, it can be counted on for crisp ventilation in the hottest weather.

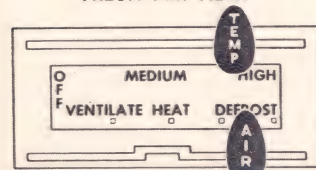
The diagrams below show Magic Air's four principal positions, each of which may be amplified by the use of one of the two speeds provided on the blower knob on the right of the steering column bracket:



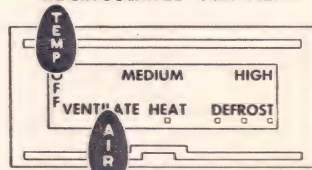
FRESH AIR HEAT



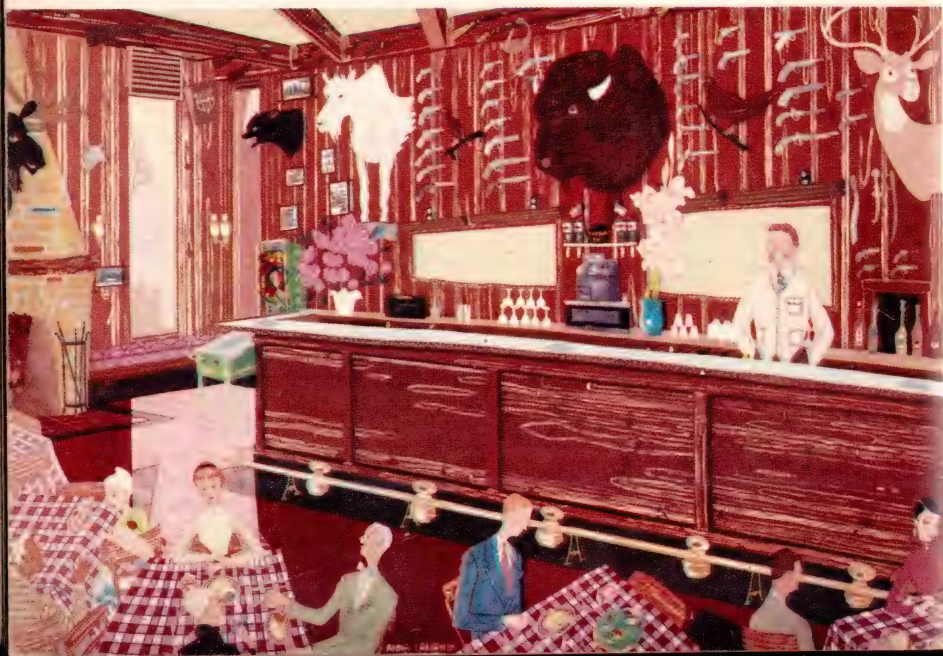
RECIRCULATED AIR HEAT



DEFROST



VENTILATION (NO HEAT)



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Hoffman's Garden, Ohio

Chop Suey Salad

2 cups cooked meat, cubed
2 cups red kidney beans
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced red pimento
1 cup diced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced onions
2 cups bean sprouts (marinated in French dressing)
Chop suey sauce, to taste
Salt and pepper, to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise

Add ingredients in order given and mix thoroughly in the salad bowl. Makes a tasty luncheon meal by itself or may be served as

the dinner salad course. Try it when you have some leftover meat.

Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner, except Sundays, this eating place on U. S. 40 just east of Columbus is especially handy for tourists. During the summer, meals are served in an attractive garden. A smorgasbord table is set every night from 5 to 10.

← painting of Hoffman's Garden by C. W. Moss

← painting of The Tavern by Anna Lakishik

The Tavern, Pennsylvania

Crab Meat au Gratin

2 tablespoons butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
Pinch of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound sharp cheddar cheese
4 cups lump crab meat.
Worcestershire sauce

Blend melted butter, flour, milk and salt. Add drop of Worcestershire sauce and grated cheese. Heat and stir over low flame until smooth. Put three tablespoons of this sauce in the bottom of a casserole. Add crabmeat and cover with remainder of mixture. Top with a sprinkling of grated cheese

and heat in 300° oven for about 10 minutes. Serve piping hot. Makes four servings.

Heads of nearly every extant North American game animal adorn the walls of this eating place—a proof of the hunting skills of owners William Everhart and his sons, William, Jr., and Jack. Just outside of Philadelphia, The Tavern is in Cynwyd at 261 Montgomery Avenue.



Rainbow Tavern, California

Swiss Steak

- 2 pounds round or chuck steak
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 2 small onions
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 large carrots, diced
- 3 stalks celery, diced
- 1 small can mushrooms, diced
- 1 quart beef stock

Cut steak an inch to two inches thick. Mix flour, salt and pepper and pound into steak thoroughly. Brown meat and onions in hot fat

before adding tomatoes, carrots, celery, mushrooms and beef stock. Bake in moderate oven for about two hours or until tender.

In the high Sierras, eighty-six miles east of Sacramento, is this year-round resort. In the summer it offers swimming, hunting and fishing; in the winter skiing; and in every season outstanding food for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It's on U. S. 40.

← painting of Rainbow Tavern by Art Riley

← painting of Captain Tom's by Marion Terry

Captain Tom's, Florida

Lobster Thermidor

- 5 tablespoons rich cream sauce
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pound Florida or Maine lobster, boiled
- 6 stuffed olives, chopped
- 3 ounces mushrooms, chopped
- 1 ounce Palmizono cheese, grated
- 1 ounce sherry wine
- Paprika
- Butter

Take all lobster meat from shell, dice and blend with cream sauce, olives, mushrooms, cheese and sherry wine. Fill empty shell with mixture and top with a little grated

cheese, melted butter and paprika. Bake in 350° oven until brown on top. Makes one serving.

This colorful riverfront restaurant has been a Miami institution since 1918. Its three fishing boats cruise as far as Nassau for fresh sea delicacies which are sold in the fish market downstairs and served in the restaurant upstairs.



Just like a cheap fur coat this bittern's "fur" disappeared after its first contact with water.

Meet the Least Bittern

*photographs
by Enoch Reindahl*

THE least bittern could probably win a starring role in a Walt Disney production for he possesses many of the hilarious qualities of the animated cartoon creatures.

Slightly heavier than a robin, he can stretch his amazing neck an alarming distance when he's really curious. The real comedians, however, are the fuzz balls who emerge from their pale blue eggs with a perpetually surprised expression—they are really children only a mother could love, espe-



Young least bitterns freeze to attention at the first strange sound, hoping to escape detection.

A mother guards her five pale blue eggs in a typical crude flat nest suspended between aquatic plants.

cially after a dunking.

Although their range includes most of temperate North America, these shy cousins of the heron family are seldom seen for they travel at night and make their nests among aquatic plants in uninviting marshes where rank vegetation grows over the water's surface. Then too, they are well camouflaged with black backs and underparts streaked to blend in with the surrounding marsh. When their eggs are hatched the tepid waters have become alive with animal organisms, insuring an abundant and handy food supply.

Man and his passion for draining marshes are a menace to the bittern along with some of his natural enemies like the hawk and mink, but experts say that heavy wind and rain storms undoubtedly take a far greater toll of eggs and young birds than any other cause. ■

A bird's-eye view takes on new meaning when the least bittern really wants to see what's up.



Contributors



When JAMES B. HENDRYX left Sauk Centre, the favorite town which he describes on page 2, he did not change his habits much. Here are some sparks off his autobiography: "I hunted, fished and trapped my way through several years of school, then completed my education at the University of Minnesota, where I learned enough law to keep out of jail. Firmly convinced that hard work never hurt anyone but those who indulged in it, and feeling that a young man should help finance his own education, I rented a vacant room and established a poker game. On leaving college I sold heavy hardware on the road, bought tanbark in Kentucky and Tennessee, ran levels for a proposed electric railway in Ohio, was a reporter in Chicago and punched cows in Montana. I earned enough for a trip to the Klondike where I prospected, chopped cordwood for steamboats, tended bar, hunted moose for the Dawson market, froze, starved and darn near drowned. Sold a claim for \$1800, shipped out on a stinking salmon boat for Vancouver as a cook and got back to Montana. I was foreman on a government dam in Ohio, insurance salesman, and, in 1911, entered the fiction field. I have sold hundreds of short stories and novlettes, and have had upwards of fifty novels printed in book form. My wife and I spend summers in Ontario and winters on Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan."

A native of Denison, Texas, BARNEY DELABANO watched the growth of the Texoma project ("Our New Ocean in Texas," page 43) from rumor to fact, which placed him in ace position to illustrate the article. He studied art at the Aunsbaugh Art School, the Dallas Art Institute, the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and Southern Methodist University, from which he recently graduated. He is now teaching at the Dallas Museum.

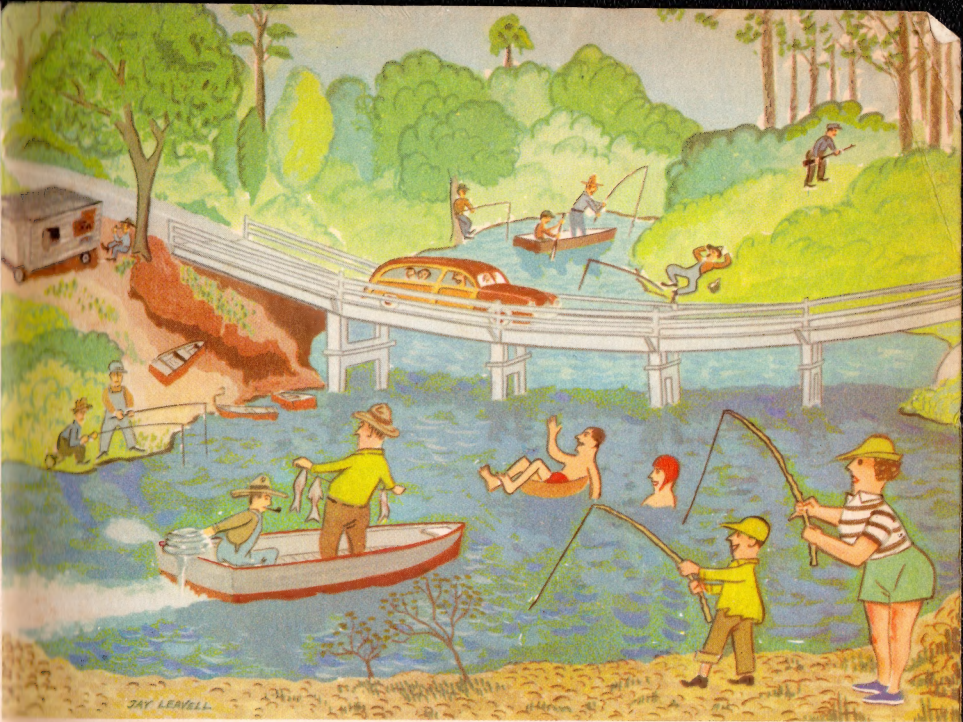
CARL ARENTSON ("Elk on the Dole") is a perfect case history of successful retirement. A year ago he retired from the U. S. Forest Service after 42 years' service. He began as guard, moved up to ranger, and ultimately to supervisor of one national forest after another, in the western states. His last twelve years with the organization were as supervisor of the Bridger National Forest, where he had ample opportunity to observe the elk he writes about on page 30. A forest supervisor spends half his time "in the field," and as a result Carl is more at home in the saddle than with any other form of locomotion.

Three years ago, anticipating the leisure of retirement, he began to experiment with cameras and eighteen months ago bought himself a Speed Graphic. But the photographs for the elk story were taken with a Medalist, since a horse makes a poor tripod for a Graphic.

Last year he turned a summer cabin in Logan Canyon, Utah, into a year-round home. There he is surrounded by photogenic scenery; it's a short reach to any saddle horse; and trout can be hooked in the stream that flows beside the house.



REINHOLD P. MARXHAUSEN, who illustrated the Hendryx story of Sauk Centre, is 28, single, and an art student of exceptional diligence. As pupil and/or teacher, he has been at fourteen schools, including the Art Institute of Chicago, through which he worked his way by doing jobs in commercial studios and grave-digging in a cemetery. "I spend the winters at the easel and the summers at the wheel," he writes. "Nothing, not even foot powder, will cure my itching feet. I want to get places on the map as well as in art. Right now I'm working on a series of paintings to represent typical scenes of Minnesota. When I'm not working I comb the beach for driftwood to make furniture, or listen to music."



Painting by Jay Leavell

Swayback Bridge

TWENTY-EIGHT MILES from Montgomery, the tourist on Alabama highway 11 crosses one of the nation's most unusual small bridges. Aptly named "Swayback," the bridge spans Sofkahatchee Creek. From a center elevation of 206 feet, Swayback rises to 209 feet at one end and 214 at the other. Thus the high end is eight feet above the center of the 290-foot bridge.

The old bridge ran level along five spans of 58 feet each. When the state decided to construct the new bridge, the approaching terrain dictated the swayback style. From a high of 287 feet, the roadway drops to 206 in 1000 feet of travel, then rises in the next 1000 to 263 feet. To facilitate traffic, the engineers made the roadway of the bridge conform to the incline of the highway approach from either direction. ■

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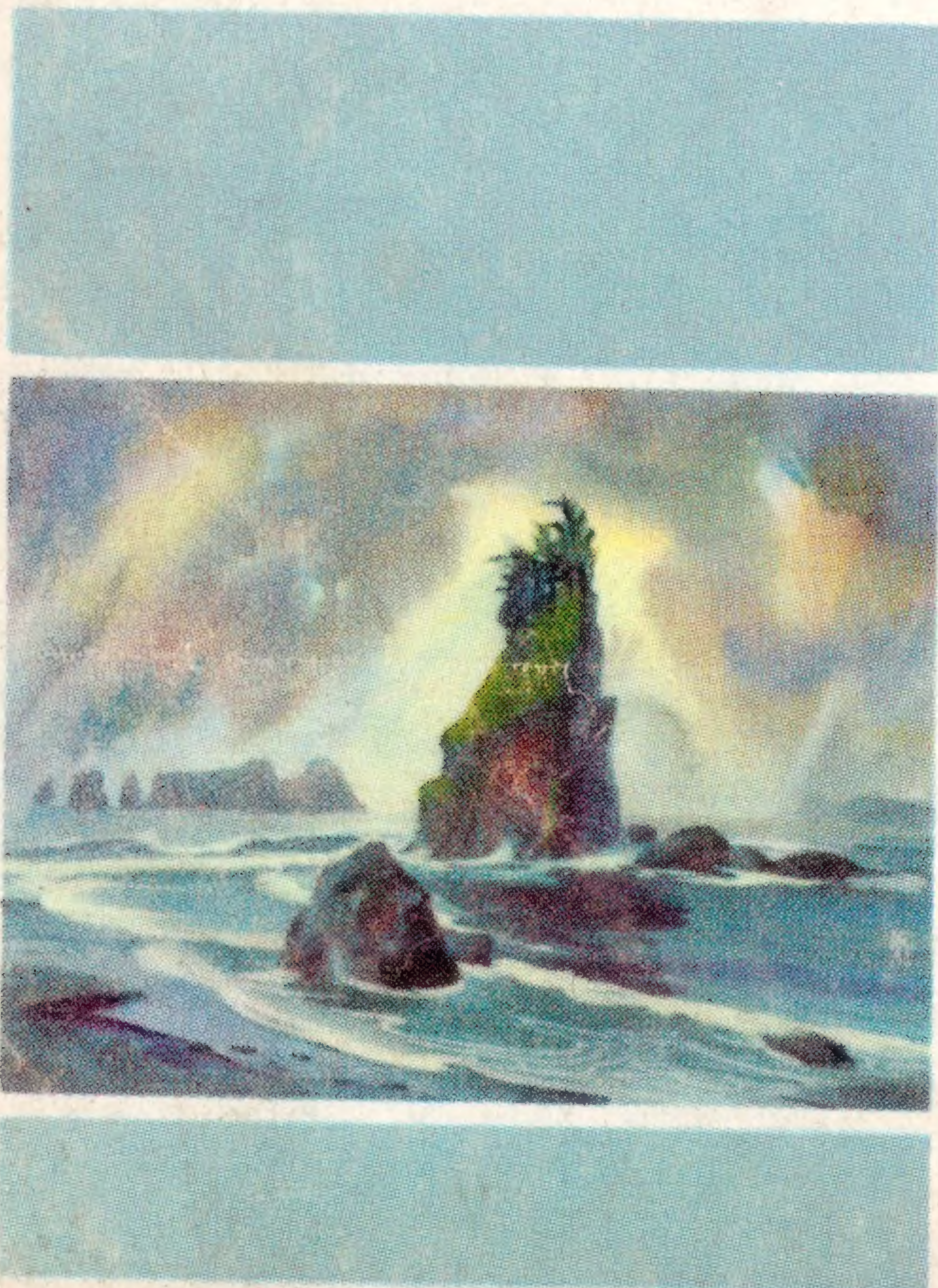
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Front cover—Rudolph E. Bundas, a Seattle artist, painted this scene of the Pacific Northwest coast in Washington. For further details concerning the painting see the front inside cover caption.

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